Sailing Through the Cosmic Seas: Beckett Mariner's Crush and Aphra's Choice

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/59253046.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F, F/M
Fandoms:	She-Ra and the Princesses of Power (2018), Star Wars: Doctor Aphra (Comics), Star Trek: Lower Decks (Cartoon)
Relationships:	Chelli Lona Aphra/Entrapta (She-Ra), Brad Boimler & Beckett Mariner
Characters:	Chelli Lona Aphra, Entrapta (She-Ra), Bow (She-Ra), Adora (She-Ra), Catra (She-Ra), Glimmer (She-Ra), Beckett Mariner, Carol Freeman, Shaxs (Star Trek), Jack Ransom, Brad Boimler
Additional Tags:	Crossovers & Fandom Fusions, Crossover Pairings, Multiple Crossovers, Minor Adora/Catra (She-Ra), Minor Bow/Glimmer (She-Ra), Implied Sexual Content, My third Doctor Aphra fic!, Moral Ambiguity, Morally Ambiguous Character, Moral Dilemmas, moral greyness, Robosexuality, Catboys & Catgirls, Catgirl Catra (She-Ra), Flirting, Drunken Flirting, Drinking & Talking, Drunkenness, Romance, Canon Lesbian Character, Lesbians in Space, No Lesbians Die, My first Lower Decks fic!, Public Display of Affection, Mariner has a crush, Unrequited Crush, Mentioned Luke Skywalker, Bad Decisions, Teasing, Surprise Kissing, Crying, Open Relationships, Wordcount: 1.000-3.000, Chaotic Beckett Mariner, LGBTQ Themes, Complicated Relationships, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Aphra's Sapphic Escapade Through the Stars
Stats:	Published: 2024-09-27 Words: 2,696 Chapters: 1/1

Sailing Through the Cosmic Seas: Beckett Mariner's Crush and Aphra's Choice

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Somehow, the Darla Angel ends up in an entirely different universe. They are confronted by an imposing ship, named the USS Cerritos. With its guns fixed on them and with the Darla Angel slightly damaged from the previous fight with the hot space pirate, the crew decides to give in. They go against Aphra's advice (to fight their way out of the situation) and Entrapta's concurrence. Their ship is towed in by a tractor beam. Once aboard, they are greeted by junior grade lieutenant Beckett Mariner. To make things worse, she develops a crush, which complicates matters even further, as they decide to stay on the USS Cerritos...for the time being.

Notes

After finishing part 2 of this series, I decided to write part 3. I know people may not like Star Trek and Star Wars being brought together, but oh well. I thought this would be a lot of fun to do. I also *really* like Mariner's character too. Like another fic I did, I changed to the first name of "Chelli" and nickname of "Apta" after they used them for each other.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update: This story can also be read on Squidge World, Web Novel, Quotev, and Wattpad.

See the end of the work for more notes

Aphra was uncomfortable with this whole situation. She didn't like being on a ship, named the *USS Cerritos*, filled of people whose uniforms gave her flashbacks to Imperial officers. She knew these people weren't the Empire. They said they were part of something called "the United Federation of Planets," whatever the hell that was. She'd never heard of it, but she kept Entrapta close, who clung to her tightly as she was a bit afraid.

This differed from Glimmer who was more confident, and Bow, who was cool about the whole situation. Adora was amazed and Catra didn't know what to make of all of this. She was still taking it all in.

A woman, whose brown skin which reflected beautifully under the ship's lights, greeted them. She wore a form-fitting and stylized shirt, which mixed grey, red, and white, and had her brown hair tied up in a pony tail. A symbol pinned to her shirt indicated she was part of Starfleet. She also wore regulation black pants and carried a phaser, set to stun, to make sure these visitors didn't… get out of line.

"Hi, I'm Beckett Mariner. I'll be guiding you to the ship's conference room where you will meet Captain Freeman. She has a *lot* of questions to ask you."

Aphra could see that she might someone to talk to, or push a certain direction, if she knew this woman's weaknesses. While some would shake their heads at this manipulation, she didn't see an issue with it, if it helped her stay alive.

That was more an important than ever now that she had a geeky genius girlfriend, something that was new for her. She wasn't the best at being emotionally honest with others and had double-crossed people, even those she had been in love with. However, when it came *this* partner, she didn't want to let her go. She would do *whatever* she could to protect her and stay with her.

As they entered the meeting room, Mariner departed. This was a meeting of the ship's high-level officers, including the captain and a few others. The door closed behind them. However, Mariner remained nosy. She stayed and listened from the other side. She was curious about these new visitors. Surely, she wasn't following the right protocol and was undoubtedly violating rules by doing this, but she didn't care. She had the perfect excuse: she was the person posted as a guard outside the meeting room.

Glimmer, Bow, Adora, Catra, Entrapta, and Aphra sat down on one side of the table, after shaking hands with Captain Freeman. She proceeded to sit down on the other side, joined by two other officers: tactical officer Shaxs and first officer Jack Ransom. She began speaking. She hoped to peacefully resolve whatever was going on. They already got into enough shenanigans as it was!

"I'm Captain Freeman, the commanding officer of the *USS Cerritos*. Thank you for meeting us here. We appreciate your cooperation. I have one question to start: Who are you and why are you in Federation Space?"

Glimmer scratched her head. Bow was dumbfounded. Adora was puzzled. Catra was too involved in tightly holding Adora, ready to protect her from any harm, to think of anything else. Entrapta was fascinated with the inner workings of the ship. At this point, Aphra had grown comfortable with herself, unlike before. Glimmer spoke first.

"We don't know what 'Federation space' is. We know about a bunch of planets, but we've never heard of that, nor of what you call the 'United Federation of Planets'. What is it?'

Freeman was perplexed, as were Shaxs and Ransom. As she explained what the United Federation of Planets did and the role of the *USS Cerritos* and Starfleet, they understood what she was getting at. Even so, *none* of it sounded familiar, none at all. Adora spoke next and tried to be polite.

"Sorry, Ms. Freeman, we didn't know about any of that before you told us. Thanks for sharing that information, but none of that exists from where we are from."

This made Shaxs and Ransom nervous. Could this be some Klingon plot or something? Shaxs began his aggressive questioning. He wanted to be sure they weren't being played.

"Are you *sure* there's nothing you aren't telling us? I won't let anything happen to this ship caused by a bunch of damn ruffians."

Aphra took offense at that. She actually had an education *from* a university. She wasn't some farm boy like that fucking Skywalker kid. Her life growing up had been hard and she had really worked through it, especially after her mother died. Even so, when looking at everyone else sitting next to her, she decided to play nice instead, until that she sabotaged herself by being *too* forward. Once she had started, it was too late to stop it.

"Yeah, I have something to say...and you might not like it."

Shaxs leaned in. Ransom listed intently, as did the Captain.

"Well, that hot babe out there, Mariner I think was her name, who brought us into this ship, she's the type of person I'd bang in a second. And I've done that with a lot of women."

Captain Freeman was getting enraged. How could this person talk to them like this? What was her problem?

"I'd appreciate it that you not say stuff like that about *my* daughter. I don't take kindly to damn flirtatious women trying to get with her…after what happened."

This made Aphra even more intrigued. But she didn't want to pry too much, as she could tell, this was a wound. It was something she would exploit only *if* necessary.

"Fine, fine, Captain ma'am. I just think she's cute and beautiful, that's all. And I *know* from experience, as I've gone around the galaxy, if you know what I mean."

Seeing the Captain's expression and the fact it almost looked like smoke was going to come out of her ears (if this had been some wonky cartoon), she desperately tried to course correct.

The last thing she'd want was for them to be thrown in a prison on this ship or something. They may *never* escape.

"Sorry. You have a nice daughter, that's all."

Glimmer chopped her on the head, with Aphra looking at her, annoyed, and trying to remain apologetic. She wasn't buying that at all. Captain Freeman could tell that *she* was the one that kept them all in-line. Glimmer wanted to make sure no dispute arose between them.

"Ms. Freeman, please don't mind Ms. Aphra. She just says what's on her mind sometimes. I'm sorry if she offended you or anything. We want to remain on good terms with you."

Knowing this would be the best *almost* apology she'd hear, she took it. She could see how unpredictable this other woman could be, she *hoped* that her daughter would stay away. But she knew better than to dictate her daughter's choices. She had tried to do that before and it hadn't gone well. So, she didn't want to impose too much.

"Thank you all. We will stay in contact with you. We ask that you remain on the ship for the time being, then you can go on your merry way."

Almost mockingly, Aphra saluted her. "Yes, Captain ma'am." Captain Freeman rolled her eyes. She could see *how* annoying this woman could be.

As the meeting came to an end, Mariner's cheeks had turned warm and she couldn't think straight. A woman called her cute, beautiful, and said she wanted to have… sex with her? What the heck was going on? She wasn't sure. She quickly regained her composure as the door opened, with Aphra, Glimmer, Bow, Adora, Catra, and Entrapta walking out. Aphra winked at her when she left, which put Mariner even more on edge.

Later that night, Mariner was drinking at the ship bar. She was thinking over everything she had heard that day and immediately thought about *that* woman.

At that very moment, *she* appeared. "Barkeep, can you get me a drink? Give me your strongest drink." The man behind the counter nodded. Honored guests and staff didn't have to pay for drinks there, but others… did.

She gulped down the liquid, causing her eyes to go wild. She said, almost in a stupor, "Hey, Mariner, you wanna know something?" She nodded. The drink caused her to lose self-control and loosen her tongue. It was something spies saw it as one of the best tools to use against those who wanted to expose vital secrets. And usually it worked. She began downing a few more drinks, like the one the barkeep had given her, in succession.

"I'm an archaeologist, you see...and I like to study things...and I'd like to study *you*, intently, all, the folds, crevices, and mounds on your body...tonight."

While she might have done that in the past, she shook her head. She didn't want this woman to take advantage of her, nor for her to lose self-control either. She needed to end this, even though she might have *some* feelings for her.

"That's great, Miss...but I think you've had enough. Let me take you back to your room."

Aphra was stumbling after having a few of those strong drinks. And she was starting to lose control. However, Mariner was strong enough to hold her back. In no time at all, they got to the room set aside for distinguished guests. As she opened the door, she could see everyone sleeping except one woman: Entrapta. She was upright and typing something on a computer pad.

"Uh, Miss, she got really drunk at the bar. Can you take care of her?"

Entrapta nodded. "Sure, I will do, Ms. Mariner. Thanks for bringing her."

The door closed, as Mariner wished her and Aphra good night. Perhaps the next day would go better, she hoped. Maybe this woman would be… *less* flirtatious toward her?

When the next day came, she didn't see much of her. She went back to her usual duties. She would have chatted to Tendi about it, but she wasn't there. It made her sad thinking about it. She pushed it out of her mind. The only other people she could tell this about were Boimler or Rutherford. Would they even care? She wasn't sure. She didn't even tell them about the times she had done stuff in bed with her ex, Jennifer, and any of the other people she dated.

She decided to talk to Rutherford and Boimler anyway, but about shop talk. Just then, *that* woman, who had a noticeable swagger in her step, entered the room. She knew who it was *immediately*.

"Hey, you bumming time off work or something?"

They moved their heads from side to side. They wouldn't do anything like that… anymore. She could sense what they would say saying, already. It annoyed her.

"Oh, so you are all dedicated to your work and everything. Serious types...I see."

"No, no, Miss, we have fun too!" Boimler said, trying to defend their actions.

She chuckled. Couldn't they let loose once and while? They didn't have to be all buttoned up. Perhaps that's how officers were sometimes.

"Don't you worry, the illustrious, great, and amazing Doctor Chelli Aphra is here!...Did your friend...the captain's daughter...tell you about the time we had last night?"

Boimler and Rutherford stared at Mariner, putting her on the spot. *What in the world* was this woman talking about? Why was she doing this to her?

She tried to laugh it off. "It was nothing. She got drunk in the bar and I brought her back to her room. That was that. We went our separate ways."

That seemed a reasonable enough explanation to both of them. Aphra sighed. Did fun get sucked out of the room when they were there or something? UGH!

"Ok, FINE, you are right, Mariner. Nothing happened. I almost *wish* it had... and call me Chelli or Doctor Aphra, not 'Miss.'"

They both looked at Mariner again, almost like they were waiting for her to say something. *Why* was this woman continually putting her in this situation? She didn't like it.

"Come on, don't say you didn't want to...I *know* you've had the hots for me since I got on this ship. I remember you blushing after me and my friends left the conference room yesterday and when you brought me back to my room last night. Your face was *scarlet red*. I was so, so drunk, but I *definitely* remember that."

Mariner was being forced to admit her feelings in this setting. She didn't like to do that, as she would rather express herself more naturally. In any case she had to say *something* otherwise this infernal woman would keep annoying her.

"I may have a...uh...crush on you...but that hasn't stopped me from completing my duties!"

Aphra would have to live with that. She knew they'd be leaving later that day. She might *never* see Mariner again. So, she handed her a device.

"Sorry for being really forward with you...but my uh...girlfriend...you know the girl with pigtails...who you saw last night, she made this thing which lets you communicate across universes. I thought you'd want one."

Mariner was dumbfounded. This woman had a girlfriend, yet she was *still* coming onto her? Before she could say something, Aphra added something else.

"I know you might be thinking its weird that I'm making advances on you, yet I'm in a relationship, but that's just how messed up I am as a person...you know...someday I might not be with my current girlfriend...so I'll give you a ring."

Mariner nodded. She turned to Aphra and said one last thing.

"See you around...Mi...Chelli."

As she began to leave the room, she ran toward Mariner. She planted a kiss on her cheek.

"Talk to you later, Beckett."

Beckett couldn't say anything more as Chelli left the room. She watched the woman, who she had feelings for, leave, right in front of her. She might have wanted to reach out, but she restrained herself. Each of them had their own lives to get back to. Chelli had her girlfriend and was traveling across the cosmos. She had her work duties.

She held the device Chelli had given to her in her hand tightly. She began to cry. This woman might have been right for her, as someone who once hung around a cute archaeologist herself, named Petra Aberdeen. Rutherford and Boimler came in to hug her. They wanted to reassure her that everything would be ok.

Back on the *Darla Angel*, Chelli sighed. She wished they could have stayed longer. But that probably would have made her unfaithful to Entrapta. The last thing she wanted was to lose her. What her partner said next surprised her.

"Chelli, I know you liked that Mariner girl...but maybe we'll see her around sometime...I wouldn't have minded if you had...made love with her...as long as you came back to me."

She had *never* expected that Entrapta would say something like that. What in the world was she thinking? What was going through her mind? She wasn't sure. Didn't she know how chaotic she could be? How she had abandoned people before? While Entrapta was this *permissive*, she didn't want to abuse this connection they had just to pleasure herself.

"Uh...thanks for saying that, Apta...next time I...wanna do *that* with another girl, I'll let you know...and get your...approval first."

Entrapta nodded happily. She knew she couldn't hold back all of Chelli's impulses. She didn't want her girlfriend to be something she wasn't. Catra, Adora, Glimmer, and Bow were astounded. They never could envision letting their partner do that to someone else. But, Chelli and Entrapta were different. In some ways, were a perfect pair, even if something drew them apart, with possible fissures in the future.

Chelli shouted, "Bow, punch it!" He pressed a button. The *Darla Angel* whizzed through hyperspace, to their next destination, somewhere distant in the stars.

End Notes

I wasn't thinking of doing this fic at first, but I decided to, as I really like Beckett and Aphra as characters. Also, I wrote this because I felt that they didn't explore enough of Mariner's identity in Season 4 and to bring in ALL the very gay vibes (and actions) by Aphra, who can be very unpredictable. This whole fic is a bit funny because I even had a word doc entitled "Possible people Mariner has dated" which I last revised in May of this year. I listed Princess Elena, Rapunzel, Carmen Sandiego, Kaisa, Cassandra, Leela, Marceline the Vampire Queen, and Princess Bubblegum as some of the people Mariner could have dated. Let us not forget Mariner once said she dated "bad boys, bad girls, bad gender non-binary babes, [and] ruthless alien masterminds." I also noted that she might have dated Candace [over age 15], Vanessa [over age 16], Xochi Jalapeno [age 17], Jo [Kid Cosmic] [age 17], Plum [age 17], Claire Nunez [age 18], Aja Tarron [age 18], Kipo [age 18], Naomi Turner [age 19], Ash Graven [over age 19], and Queen Bean [age 19], or those of an unknown age: Mia Abara, Red Action, Garnet, Amethyst, Pearl, Trese, Marika Kato [high school age], Violet Harper / Halo, Raine Whispers, Val/entina Romanyszyn, or any of the RWBY characters. Just some possible ideas for other crossovers. I'm not saying there aren't age gaps in some of these cases which would be too wide, but I think having fics where she dated or was friends at least *some* of these people could be interesting, that's all.

This story was also one of the two fics I have posted on Ad Astra, a strange Star Trek-focused site, which I do not plan on ever posting on again. As of 7/31/26, it has 27 hits and 2 kudos, while my other fic on there has 2 kudos and 44 hits. The person who manages the site, S.L. Walker, or Steff, also manages Comic Fanfiction Archive or CFAA. That is also a strange site, with strange and bizarre rules. I would strongly recommend not joining either site unless you want to pull your hair out in trying to comply with the rules.

Works inspired by this one

Mariner's Drunk Mistake?: Chelli and the Victory of Pleasure by lefemmerougensfw

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!